The Hitchhiker
by habu

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I saw him from a good distance away, walking down the highway in the direction I was driving shortly after a big cloverleaf marking the intersection of two major highways. He hardly looked like an experienced hitchhiker, but that was exactly what he seemed to be doing. Not only was hitchhiking illegal on a highway like this, but I also couldn't remember the last time I'd seen a hitchhiker on the roads at all. And I especially couldn't remember seeing one as ill equipped for hitchhiking as this one was. I couldn't tell how old he was, but he certainly looked young—barely out of high school, certainly.

Not more than nineteen. He had the usual backpack, which was hanging from one of his hands, but he was shirtless, a white T-shirt hanging over his shoulder, and had on low-slung jeans. And a cowboy hat. This hardly was gear for hiking or walking the asphalt highways. He was of medium height, and more lean than meaty, although he looked like he worked out regularly. In classic hitcher style, he was pointed at me, backing down the road, with his thumb out. He was coming out of a rest area, where he must have been left off by his previous ride. And as he sensed a car coming down the road, he turned and leaned against a white light pole and looked up at the treetops. It was almost as if he was posing for me.

As I got closer to him, I was thinking that he must not have been without a ride for long, since it was pretty evident he'd come out of the rest area. He must have been backing and thumbing for only a couple of minutes, because I don't think anyone can back down a highway for long like that and make any decent progress. As I passed him, we made eye contact, and I found myself pulling over. I have no idea why I did that; I'd never picked up a hitchhiker before in my life.

He opened the back door and tossed his bag in and then opened the front door, stuck his head in, and asked, “Can I get a lift down the road a ways? You’re not exiting for the next couple of exits or anything?”

“Sure, hop in,” I answered, “I’ve got a good long ways to go down this road.” He already had his bag in my back seat, so I guess we both knew the request was only a formality. He draped his T-shirt over the seat back before he got in, which was nice of him. I like to keep my car clean, and, again, picking someone up like this was a new experience for me.

“Thanks again,” he said, as he got in and buckled up and I nosed back onto the highway.

“Nice wheels,” he said, “A new Lexus?”

“Yes, thanks. I like it.”

“These SUVs have a whole lot of room. You could really have a party in the backseat there.”

I didn’t quite know a good answer to that one, so I didn’t say anything.

“So, what’s your name?” He asked.

“Chad,” I answered. “I’m on my way to the coast. I’ve been to the mountains for the weekend.” It was lame, but I wasn’t all that good with small talk.

“Sounds great. Tim. That’s my name, Tim. I’m just drifting down the road myself. Seeing where it leads. Seeing how far I can get on my wits and a promise.”

“Exploring your world between high school and getting bogged down in college, I suppose.”

“Ummm; something like that.”

I have no idea at the time why I asked that. Later, I decided that I unconsciously knew what was afoot and was trying to protect myself, trying to play safe.

We went silent then for several miles. He lifted his arms and did a few twists back and forth in the seat and then massaged his biceps and ran his hand over his chest and down his abs.

I couldn't help but notice him. "Tough hitching, I guess," I said.

"Huh?"

"I said, it must be tough hitchhiking like that. Your backpack must be heavy; must have knotted your muscles up."

"Yeah, I guess so," he said. And then he laughed a little nervous laugh. "Okay, so it's getting close to supper time. What can I do in exchange for a meal and a ride for four or five exits beyond that. Maybe a blow job for the meal and then you can do me for the mileage?"

"Excuse me?" I asked in shock and almost ran off the side of the road.

"Huh, sorry, man," the young man said, "My mistake. I just assumed. Pull over there, and I'll just get out."

I had gotten the car back under control. "Hey, I'll give you a ride. And I'll even feed you dinner, but how did you come to the wild conclusion that I wanted anything for it, let alone that?"

"It's just the rule of the road, man. I advertise my availability—what'd you think I was doing with my shirt off back there—and a single guy stops for me, and I get down the road a ways and maybe a meal with about the only thing I have to give in exchange.

I'm sorry to just come on to you like that. I didn't know. You stopped when I put out the bait."

He was right. I had stopped. And I had no idea why I'd stopped. I felt myself blushing. Was there something inside me that knew more than I consciously was willing to admit?

"So, if you'll just let me out, I won't dirty up your car anymore."

"Hey, it's not like that. I don't care what you do to pay for your travels. I just didn't stop because of that. I don't know why I stopped. Probably because you aren't supposed to be hitchhiking on an expressway and I didn't want a young kid like you to get into trouble."

"I don't have to stand beside the road with my thumb out very long," the guy said with sort of a pout. "So, you didn't stop because you were attracted to me? I don't look good to you?"

"No. I mean, you look just fine. But, no I didn't stop and pick you up with anything like that in mind."

"So, you don't swing like that?"

"No, certainly not."

"Never had a blow job from a guy? Never even thought about it?"

"No . . . well, maybe a bit curious. I'll bet all men who are honest are a bit curious. But, no, no, I've never done it or been in a position to do it."

The kid turned his head and stared out the window. He had his elbow on the sill and was picking at his teeth with his fingernails. The other hand had dropped to rest in his lap.

"Well, then," he said after a couple of miles. "That sign says there's an exit coming up in a couple of miles. You can pull over and let me out there."

"There's no need for that. We're cool. I'm not judging you on this. But we'll stop at that exit for some dinner anyway. I'm hungry too."

"Then, can I get a meal if I suck you off? You say you've never done it because you haven't had the opportunity. Here's your opportunity. A lot of guys let guys blow them; that doesn't mean anything about them being queer or anything."

"No! I can afford the meal. I don't have to get anything for it."

Tim went silent.

We exited and pulled into the parking lot of a restaurant. The dinner crowd was already thinning out and dusk was settling in.

"Hey, could you park way over there in the back corner?" Tim asked, as he stretched to pull his T-shirt on. "I've got a kink in my leg and would like to walk it out on our way into the restaurant."

"Sure thing. It should save me from getting a ding on the new SUV, anyway."

Tim was quiet and a little sad looking through dinner. Over desert, I asked him what was wrong; what he was thinking about.

"I don't take charity, Chad. I don't really have anything of value in my backpack to cover this supper and this ride, but I don't take charity. What I offered is all I got."

"I don't know what to say, Tim. I understand what you're saying. We can think about this as we go down the road. Maybe there's something else you could do. You can always be my insurance against getting a flat, I suppose. If I get one, you can fix it, and that would pay me back." I thought this was funny, but Tim didn't laugh.

Tim pulled his shirt back off as we were walking back to the car. This end of the parking lot was quite dark now. I got back in the driver's seat, buckled up, put my key in the ignition, and started to turn it. But Tim twisted toward me in his seat and put his left hand over my hand holding the keys and put his right hand in my lap, searching for my cock, and finding it through the material of my trousers and briefs.

"Wow, is that a missile you've got in there, Chad?"

"Tim! I said no."

"I pay as I go, Chad. That's my way. I ain't changing no tire, because your tires look brand new. I don't think you're getting any flat tire. And you admitted you've thought about it and just have never had the opportunity. This is your opportunity. Don't make me beg. Leave me with some respect." All the time he was saying this, he was unbuckling my belt, undoing my pant's button, and unzipping me.

I sat in shock, speechless.

"God, damn, Chad!" Tim exclaimed as he unrolled my cock and brought it out into the open air. "This thing is enormous. Why are you shy about showing this off?"

"Tim . . ." I started, but he wasn't paying any attention to me. He was stroking me, trying to get me hard, and, I must say, my cock was cooperating. His mouth came down and swallowed me to the root, and my cock was quite a bit longer and thicker coming out than it had been going in. He wrapped a hand around the base and squeezed, helping to keep the blood that was flowing there stay there, and he began rimming my glans with his tongue and sucking it like a Popsicle. The size of my cock burgeoned and I felt a moan escape my lips.

I didn’t know what to do with my hands. I swiveled and placed them both on his back and massaged his back muscles and let my fingers run through his thick, dark hair.

He was pumping me with his mouth now, keeping fingers squeezed at the base of my cock and playing with my balls with his other hand. I was trapped behind the wheel, so there wasn’t much else either he or I could do down there.

It was all too much of a surprise for me and too much sudden sensual pleasure for me to gain control. I came in spasms in his mouth quite quickly. He licked me clean as he withdrew his mouth and then wiped his face with his T-shirt. He came up smiling.

“So, you really did want this, didn’t you? Excited to see me. Haven’t had any for a while, I guess.”

He then twisted away from me in the passenger seat and raised his left leg and burrowed his left foot, sans loafers, behind my back; raised his right foot to the dash board beyond the steering wheel; and leaned back into the passenger arm rest. There was a long line of good-looking skin running down from his neck across his youthful, clean-shaven chest and six-pack abs, his pert little outie navel, across his belly and to the top of his low-rider jeans and beyond. He’d unbuttoned his fly half way, showing the start of curly dark pubic hair and the band of black Calvin Klein’s in the “V” that had opened there.

“OK, Chad. Now, for a room for the night, you can do me.” He arched his back at me, causing his chest muscles to expand and his belly to contract and that “V” below to open wider.

“Do you?”

“Yes, blow me. Rim me. Fuck me. Blow and fuck me. Whatever you want.”

I sat there, frozen—my mouth agape.

In exasperation, he brought his right leg down and he sat back up. He took both of my hands and moved my right hand around on his chest and plopped my left hand on top of his basket. An electric shock, not unpleasant, zinged through me. Why had I stopped for him? Was there something I wasn’t acknowledging to myself?

I shook my head back and forth and jerked my hands back, away from him. I stuffed my cock back into my pants, zipped and buttoned myself back up, and started the car engine.

“This is crazy, Tim. I’ll get a room. But it will have two beds. And you won’t owe me anything. You’ve paid. You’ve paid in full. That was new and interesting, thank you. And it’s enough to cover the whole trip.”

Tim remained where he was, putting himself on offer to me all the way to the next exit, where I pulled off, looking for a decent motel.

“So, you liked that, did you?”

A moment of silence.

“Yes. How can I say otherwise? But that doesn’t mean I feel the need to do it again.”

I registered and paid for a room while Tim waited in the car. When we entered the room, I threw my bag on a bed and turned on lights. When I turned, I saw that Tim had thrown his backpack on the same bed as I had placed my bag. I picked the backpack up and tossed it on the other bed.

While I rustled up some ice and cokes, Tim had explored the pay-for-TV channels and somehow come up with a gay soft porn film. I ignored his choice and the rapt attention he was giving it while I busily unpacked my toiletries, some pajama bottoms, and what I was planning to wear tomorrow.

"So, do you want the shower first?" I asked him.

"Naw, I've got this started. You go on. I'll wait."

I went in the bathroom, and while the shower was steaming up, I shaved. When I'd gotten into the shower and started to soap up, I heard the door open. The shower curtain was pulled back, and there was a grinning Tim, Naked and, I must admit, looking long, lean, and ready for action. I very nearly dropped the soap.

"What the hell?" I exclaimed.

"I decided I couldn't really wait for a shower, and I found the pause button on the TV." He entered the shower and pulled the curtain back across the opening. Taking the soap from my hands, he said, "Here, let me do that."

"Tim, you are so exasperating. Get out of here. I won't . . ." I found myself going weak in the knees, though. His hands were gliding across my chest and down my belly and around my cock over the soapy film. He pulled me close into him and his hands and the soap went to my shoulders and over to my back and down to the small of my back and over my butt cheeks. I could feel his chest and belly and cock against mine, and I started to engorge again. He already had a half hardon.

"You're in really good shape, he said. A really nice butt and one of the biggest cocks I've seen. Here, now you soap me up."

With that, he stood back, facing me, holding his arms up in a posing position. His hair was down now, and some of it fell down his front, reaching almost to his shoulders.

“Chad. I said you soap me up now.”

I tentatively reached out and began soaping his chest and down his belly. I was into his pubic hair, when one of his hands came down and pushed my hand down to his dick. I dropped the soap, snatched my hand back, and turned to leave the shower.

“No, Tim. This is too far for me. I’m not comfortable with this.”

“Well, okay, but you were comfortable with this,” he said, as he went down on one knee and turned me toward him, with his hands on my hips. “He swallowed my cock to the root,” while holding my pelvis in place with his hands.

“Tim! You’ve already finished with this. Let me go.”

Tim came up for air. “Hell, you came too fast in the car. That hardly covered supper. And there’s breakfast. I’ve got my pride; I’m not going to be beholden to you for anything. And, what’s the problem. We’ve already done this.”

With a sigh, I let him have his way. His hands went to my butt cheeks, while I planted my feet as best as I could on the soapy floor of the stall and arched my back to the tiled wall of the shower, letting the water cascade down onto my belly and Tim’s head. One of Tim’s hands came up and played in my chest hair and with my nipples and my abs and belly, and I let him do that. I ran my fingers through the thick, curly strands of his hair, while Tim repeated his penis games from earlier. This time, though I maintained better control, and he had to pump me for a good long time before he could sense I was coming, upon which he released my cock from his mouth and arched his

back so my cum shot off across his chest and belly and got washed down the drain by the water from the shower.

Before Tim could suggest any other payment plan ideas, I retreated from the shower, quickly toweled myself off, and went into the bedroom. I pulled my pajama bottoms on, set my clock, turned off the light beside my bed, pulled the covers up to my chin, and tightly shut my eyelids. When I opened them again sometime later, the room was dark except for the glow from the TV set. Tim was draped out on his bed, his torso propped up by pillows in front of the brass headboard, his legs opened wide across the satiny bedspread, and his hand slowly jerking off his hard cock.

He was also smoking something, and it didn't seem to be a cigarette. There was a sweet smell in the air, and I was feeling woozy. But, I couldn't help myself. I watched him until after he had come with a sigh and gone back to the bathroom. My attention then half focused on the nightstand between us, and I registered that he put some rather peculiar things on there from his backpack, including a couple of thin leather belts and a roll of masking tape. But the strangeness of that didn't really register. I was really, really drowsy, and the walls of the room seemed to be swaying a bit. When Tim returned, he turned off the TV set, stubbed his weed out in a plastic cup on the nightstand, and then all was dark.

In the wee, dark hours of the morning, I was awakened by something heavy coming down on the mattress of my bed and the covers being lifted. Tim had come into my bed and was stretched out behind me, his body stretched along mine. His pelvis was cuddled into my ass. His left hand was fingering my hair and my ears and neck,

and his right hand was slowly exploring my chest, abs, belly and crotch. As I drowsily came awake, I could feel his cock beginning to rise in the small of my back.

“No, Tim,” I managed in a sleepy voice, fighting with drugged sleep, exhausted from the road. But he put his right leg over mine then and pulled me toward my back. My pelvis was pointed at the ceiling, and his hand unsnapped my pajama shorts and took a grip on my cock.

“No, no.” I turned toward him and fought him—weakly because I still wasn’t awake and because whatever the smoke of Tim had been puffing was still drifting around the room. We rolled around in the bed, entwining our legs, chest pushing at chest, cocks flopping against each other, bellies heaving, which only served to excite us both and to make me lose my control. My hands stopped trying to push him away, and, instead, pulled and prodded and glided and squeezed. I was exploring him just as much as he was exploring me and just as sensually. These were my sighs and moans I was hearing; they weren’t all his. He had pulled my pajama shorts down to my knees, but I pulled them off my legs and tossed them aside myself.

“In the dark,” he whispered through heavy breathing. “Nothing is real; nothing counts in the dark, Chad. You can pretend tomorrow that this was all a dream. We’ll both pretend it was only a dream.”

“No, no,” my mouth was saying, but my body was showing that to be a lie.

“You will be paid in full, Chad. I can’t stand owing anything to anyone. I pay as I go in life.”

I was hard as a rock now and found myself trapped under Tim. He was sitting astride my belly and he had the two leather belts from the nightstand in his hands. He

grabbed for one of my hands, but I tried to power myself up. He had a wild look in his eyes and slapped me hard across the face, which stunned me long enough for him to tie both of my hands off on the brass rods of the headboard. Then his mouth came down on one of my nipples and he bit me there. I thought I was screaming, but everything was in a fog, and I didn't hear any sound come out of me. He became less rough but more methodical, as he nipped and tongued his way down my torso. His long, silky hair was streaming across my body, tickling me, but soothing me around the edges of the attack of his lips and teeth. I saw his long, lean torso raise up before me, and he was coming down into my lap, skewering me with his asshole. It was both painful and pleasurable as he enveloped me. He was too tight at the beginning, and my sensitive glans chafed against the walls of his ass canal. But he opened to me, and I felt a powerful surge as I was drawn upstream into the darkness.

"Fuck me, dammit," He yelled. "Get your feet under your butt muscles and pump me. I'm paying the bill for this room, dammit. Fuck me."

I dug my heels into the mattress and found that I could, in fact, get enough leverage to work my cock up and down in his ass, so I languidly pumped him for a while. But I was still woozy. So woozy that I didn't even feel indignant that my hands were tied off or that he'd slapped me. I wasn't pumping vigorously enough for Tim, though, so he started wildly pumping me himself, moving his ass up and down and rocking back and forth. I came, deep inside him, and he stopped pumping and stretched out on top of me, keeping my softening cock inside him.

I went back to sleep then and I assumed that he had too. But I awoke again sometime later, with light just beginning to creep in around the edges of the curtain. I

had been flipped over onto my stomach, although my hands still seemed to be tied above my head. I was still woozy, and I was beginning to think that it wasn't all the weed Tim had been smoking, that something may have been slipped into the coke I'd drunk the night before as well. I felt oh so drowsy. And I felt something else too. I felt wetness and coldness at my asshole. It took me a while to realize that Tim was kissing and tonguing me there. It took a while even to realize what this was and where it was leading, as nothing like this had ever happened to me before. I felt his fingers at my ass, and I let out a yelp when he pushed one in.

"Awake, Chad, are we? Keep it down. We don't want to wake the neighbors." But I couldn't help it and told him in no uncertain terms what I thought about his finger the next time he entered me.

"Oh, very well, Chad. This is for breakfast, though. You've finally got around to experiencing what a man does to a man, so you might as well get the whole load."

"Man does to a man," I idiotically thought to myself. Then embarrassment set in. What would I say, what could I say if someone found us here now. What would they think of me? That shut me up real fast. Didn't want the neighboring rooms reporting what we were up to. But I was too late. It was then that I found out what the tape on the nightstand was for. Tim ripped off a length of the tape with his teeth and then leaned down and scooped up one of the socks I'd been wearing the day before and stuffed it in my mouth. The tape went on over my mouth, and my yelling mood was doubly stifled. Tim went back to slobbering up my ass and opening it with his fingers and muttering to himself.

"Up on your knees, Chad, and spread those legs."

I was slow to respond.

“Do it, Chad. Believe me; you’ll want it that way.”

I went up on my knees and moved my legs as far apart as I felt I could without collapsing. He pushed my butt cheeks apart with his hands and entered me, slowly, with his cock. He waited for me to open to him and he slid in up to the root. Fortunately, he wasn’t all that well endowed. He started to pump me and I felt both pain and pleasure. As both he and I got into a rhythm, though, the mix of pleasure went on the ascendant. When he started not to be able to control his twitching, he pulled out of me and shot his load across my back. My knees gave out, and I sank down on the bed. He lowered himself on top of me, stretching along my body.

When I awoke the next time, I was under the covers again and was wearing my pajama shorts. Tim was dressed in a T-shirt and those jeans and that cowboy hat, and he was looking out between the curtains at the parking lot. The air-conditioning was on high, and I only faintly could detect any unnatural scent in the air. Everything seemed so normal. I might have written the night off as some sort of gigantic guilty wet dream connected with letting Tim blow me in the car at the restaurant, but my wrists were sore, as was the area around my mouth and, of course, my ass. I still felt a little woozy and disoriented.

“Tim . . .”

“Man, did you ever sleep deeply. And toss and turn. Never saw anyone toss and turn like that, Chad.”

“Tim . . .”

“Yes, Chad?”

“Pick up your gear and get out. This ride is over.”

“I don’t think so, Chad. Not until we’ve had breakfast and you’ve gotten me up the road a ways. I forgot to tell you,” upon which he flipped out his wallet, showing me some sort of fancy badge. “I’m a vice cop. I’m cruising the highway because there are too many reports of someone out here picking up young guys and raping them.”

“And you thought I . . .?”

“Sure. Why not? You fit the pattern.”

“But then when you found out—”

“I like my job, Chad. It gives me some incentives I otherwise wouldn’t get. You had such a nice big cock. And it would be my word against yours, wouldn’t it? And I’m the one with the badge. So how about breakfast, then?”

“Yes. Right.”

When we started off in the SUV, I told Tim I wasn’t feeling real well yet, and Tim asked if he could drive a spell after breakfast. Said he’d never driven a big fancy SUV. I wasn’t in the mood to argue with him.

“I’m taking off south on the next highway we come to, Chad. You going that way or continuing east on this road?”

“What? Oh, I continue east on this road.”

When we were almost at the ramp to where Tim wanted to head south, he pulled over to the left shoulder and onto a graveled median cross-over road. It was a long, windy one, and Tim pulled up to where the SUV would be very hard to spot from either direction.

“What’s this for, Tim? You could have pulled right off to the exit ramp. I’d have let you off there. You don’t want to be crossing the highway from here.”

Tim took the keys out of the ignition and palmed them. “You can have these back, if you do exactly as I say.”

“Excuse me?”

“Get in the backseat.”

“Tim.”

“Get in the backseat now.”

Tim stripped naked as he moved to the backseat. We both got in and sat down on the seat.

“Kiss me, Chad,” Tim said. I just looked up at him, and he dangled the car keys in front of my face, opened his window and tossed them out. Then he pulled me to him by the front of my shirt. He kissed me on the lips, and I found myself responding. He opened my lips with his, and I let him And when his tongue entered my mouth, my tongue was there to greet it. All thoughts of his gender and his vice copy badge had flown out of my head. My hands were flying over his body, and one of them wound up wrapped around his dick.

He came away briefly. “Now, Chad, if you ever wonder whether you like doing it with another man, you do.” Then back into a lip lock, while he started pulling my clothes off me. When I was a naked as he was, he pushed me down sideways across the seat and then reversed over me and started sucking my cock. He had his cock pushing at my face, so I started doing to him what he was doing to me. When we were both hot and hanging heavy, he reversed on me again. He grabbed up his backpack from the

floor and stuffed it under my back and buttocks, raising my butt in the air. I was stretched up against the passenger door much the same way he had been stretched the afternoon before in the front seat when he had offered himself to me and I had refused him. Tim turned toward me, his right knee dug into the seat behind my left buttock and under my left thigh and his left foot on the floor of the car, giving him leverage for thrust. He pushed my left leg up across the seat back and my right foot toward the steering wheel in the front seat.

I was whimpering, “No, Tim. No, not again . . . No.”

He plunged his cock into me and pulled it out nearly all the way and then plunged in again, repeating this, going deeper with each dive.

“No, Tim . . . No!”

In. Out. In deep, revolve hips, rotate cock. Out, dive!

“Ahhhhh. Yes, yes, y-e-s! Fuck me Tim, Harder, deeper. Ahhhhhh!” I put my hips and pelvis into motion, meeting him stroke for stroke, grabbing for his buttocks with my hands, trying to add to the velocity of the strokes into me.

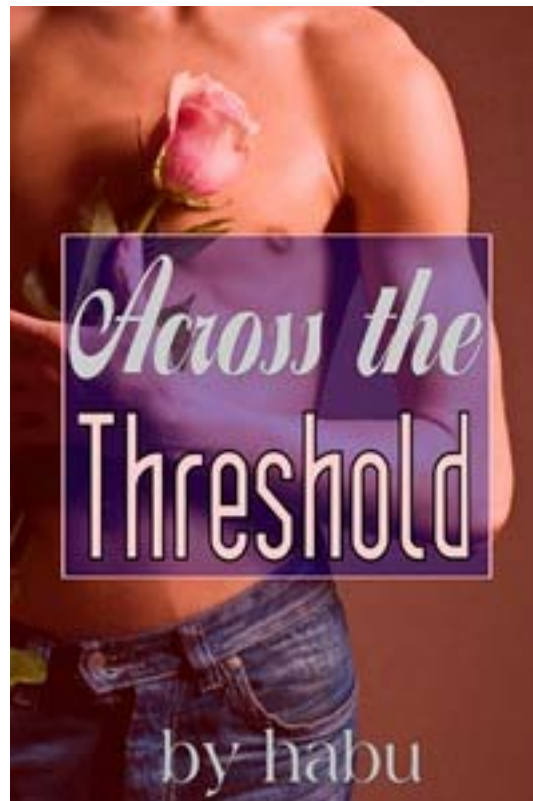
As he pumped me, he muttered to me. “Remember when you feel you want to talk to someone about this, that this is a vice cop’s cock in your nice tight ass. By law, I could arrest you, saying you thought I was underage, and have your name printed across the front page of your hometown newspaper for doing this with me. But this is all because I like you. All I want to do is to pay as I go, and you’ve been extra special nice to me, and you’ve got an extra special nice ass and cock, so you’ve gotten extra special nice payment.”

When he was finished, he pulled his backpack from underneath me and got out of the car. He quickly pulled on his jeans and cowboy hat and tossed his T-shirt over his shoulder. By the time I'd gotten disentangled and dressed and had found the keys and gotten the SUV turned around and back to the road, Tim had already managed to cross the three lanes of traffic. He was up on the shoulder of the ramp to the other highway and was facing me with his thumb out. A Lincoln Navigator with one male occupant had already pulled over several yards up the ramp. Tim saw me and waved and then turned and walked briskly up to the Navigator. Before I could get back on the road, he'd opened the back door of the SUV, thrown his backpack in, and then had climbed into the front seat. As I passed the exit heading east, the Navigator was gliding back on onto the exit ramp heading south.

The End

ABOUT HABU

habu, a bisexual former supersonic spy jet pilot, intelligence agent, and diplomat, is a published mainstream novelist and short story writer under another name and in another dimension of his life.

If you enjoyed THE HITCHHIKER, you might also enjoy:

ACROSS THE THRESHOLD
By habu

What gay male can ever forget his first full-blown sexual experience—a particularly memorable first time, given the conventions of society? The first time can be the culmination of long-held frustration, or completely casual and come as a complete surprise. It can be traumatic or sought; imprisoning or releasing, disappointing or far beyond the wildest dream. First times can be prearranged or ritualistic; spontaneous or unexpected by both parties. The first time could have been instigated by a predator, a new lover, or a savior, or even by the first timer himself. The situation and venue can be sordid or off-the-cuff convenient, or might involve silken sheets, candles, champagne, prolonged seduction and foreplay.

But for most men, the one thing it cannot be is forgotten.

This anthology provides a treasure trove of thirty-five short stories of separate, varied "first time" gay male experiences, from the stalked to long anticipated, from the romantic to the brutal, for the young or not so young. The one central theme of all of these stories, however, is the experiences depicted all result in the beginning of a new lifestyle, not the ending of a world.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and m/m sex.

Excerpt From <u>ACROSS THE THRESHOLD:</u>

"So, don't tell me you haven't thought about it, Jake. We all do, of course. Don't you?"

"No . . . Ummm, yes, I guess so now and then."

Wrong answer. The hand that wasn't using its fingers to brush my arm was now tentatively fondling my cock. And my cock was responding, not paying a bit of attention to the signals of confusion and muddleheadedness and panic that were racing around my body.

Lance was still lulling me with a nonstop soothing chant in the sing song voice of his. He was pulling me with him through the opening in the rock into the first, more confining, more private pool—the pool with the cascading waterfall that filled my ears with the sound of rushing water. I was crying out as Lance's hands raced across my body, finding curves and crevices and making me tremble and twitch and feel oh so aroused and concerned and needy and reluctant and violated all at once. The splashing of the waterfall dulled even to my own ears my cries and moans of receding protests as Lance turned me and hunched down and made a lap to accommodate the mounds of my buttocks. My own cries should have steeled my defenses against the feel of his strong, throbbing cock running under mine and his fingers pinching at my nipples and

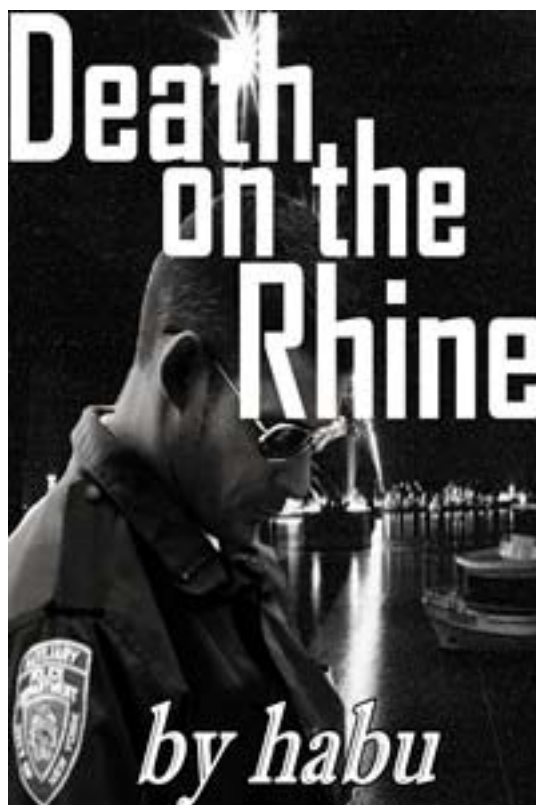
his teeth nipping at the hollow of my neck as he pulled me closer into him and let me feel the heat and inviting hardness of him. But the noisy splashing of the waterfall covered all of that, dulled my senses of what the cries should have alerted me to.

I did clearly hear the cry of pain and invasion when Lance lifted me and settled me down on his cock head and forced his way past my virgin ring and ever so slowly and relentlessly filled me to capacity to the bottoming depth deep inside me. But it was too late then for cries. And there was no one else in this forested fastness to hear me or to come to my rescue or to witness this passing beyond a threshold that I never again could regain.

My whimpers of pain and violation slowly receded into cries of passion and urgings of filling and satisfying as Lance lifted and lowered me in that watery swirl on his powerful tool. He nuzzled my cheek with his lips and continued to whisper calming words of endearment and encouragement to me, as he lifted me up and down on his manhood with strong hands on my hips. I arched my back in the taking, first, stiff as a board, but as I realized both that I had now given up all there was to surrender and that I not only could now accommodate it but also was enjoying it, the tension flowed out of my body and I began to match the rhythm of the fuck. Sensing I had melted to him, Lance nibbled at my cheek and I turned my head to him and let him possess my mouth, making my surrender, my acquiescence, my complicity complete.

He settled me down into his lap, his dick far up into me, just holding now, as he moved a hand around to my cock and stroked me off until the water around us was cloudy with my cream.

Then he raised out of his crouch and moved through the water, still buried deep inside me, back to the middle pool. He moved over to the side of the pool, near where our clothes lay. He made a cushion of sorts with my clothes on the rocky ledge dropping right at the side of the pool and, pulling me off his tool, turned me and laid me gently down on my cushioning clothes on my back. He was standing in the water between my legs then. He lifted and spread my thighs, pushing my knees up into my torso, with his strong hands, and slowly slid his cock back inside me and fucked me, fucking and fucking and fucking until I felt him give a little lurch and then pull his cock out and shoot his warm cum on my belly…

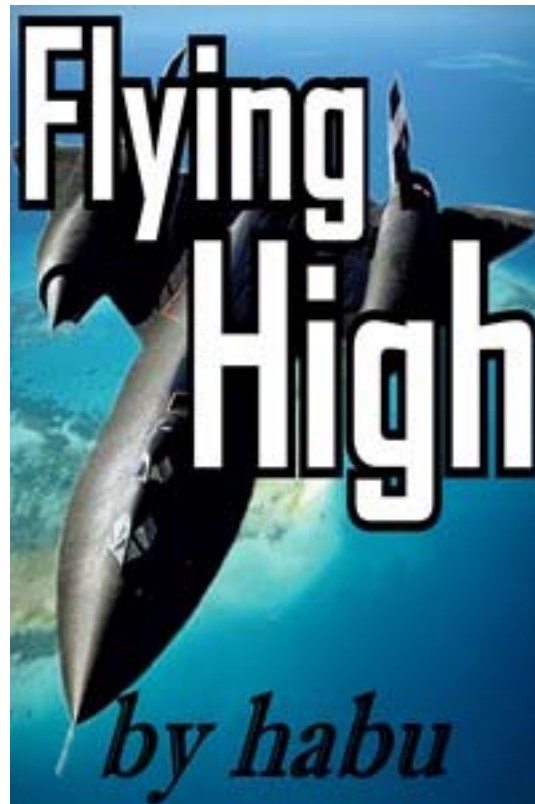
And look for these other titles from habu:

[**DEATH ON THE RHINE**]
by habu

When his partner and lover is murdered in an investigation of an international crime syndicate, New York police detective Clint Folsom takes leave from his job and flies to Europe in pursuit of the killer. Folsom finds his quarry on the Rhine River gay male-oriented cruise ship, the MS River God, murdered in the same sadomasochistic manner his partner had been killed. As the cruise glides down the Rhine toward Amsterdam, stopping at German cities along the way to add flavor and twists to the increasingly complex plot, Folsom is thwarted at every turn in his inquiries. He slowly unravels not only what is at stake but also who is involved while finding sexual release among the crew and passengers of the River God. When the German police inspector Sigmund Frist enters the scene, Folsom himself becomes the pursued in more ways than one. A traditional "who done it?" detective murder novel chockablock with intriguing gay male characters and encounters.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, m/m sex and violence.

RAINBOW REVIEW FOR DEATH ON THE RHINE BY FROST'S FANCY: 4/5

An astonishing opening rockets the reader straight into the heart of this very intense novel…Death on the Rhine is a truly nonstop rocket of a story with sexual adventures that never end and murder, sadism, and sociopathic evil determined

to carve its wedge out of society…Not for the faint of heart, Death on the Rhine is still a fascinating, explicit, suspense-laden mystery which will keep the reader flipping the pages with caught breath.

FLYING HIGH
by habu

Warning: This title contains graphic language and m/m sex.

Flying High provides a three-decade memoir of the gay portion of a male bisexual's awakening to, nearly unfettered enjoyment of, and sometimes bittersweet reflections on the active gay lifestyle on the international scene in the latter third of the twentieth century. The author was a male model and film actor who turned to international intelligence service during the Vietnam War era, a career that started off in the stratosphere as an SR71 photo-reconnaissance jet pilot and moved on to more earth-hugging intelligence and diplomatic service in Asia and the Middle East

Although coming late in his late twenties to the gay scene, the author's sexual encounters and experience as a willing bottom blossomed quickly in the exotic, sexually free, risk taking, and pre-AIDs environment of Bangkok, Thailand. Flying High covers the high points of the author's sexual experiences in twenty-three short stories that are chronologically laid out.

These stories take the reader from the author's male-male initiation in Bangkok in the mid 70's through sexual encounters during stints in Japan and the Middle East to the concluding years of the last decade of the twentieth century as he thought his gay life activity was waning, only to be joyfully reawakened. The author provides a no-holds-barred, insightful, never shirking from bittersweet remembrances series of snapshots that move from the free, sensual, "anything goes" international gay scene through the realities of the horror of AIDs to appreciation for the deep, lasting relationships that arise from the world of men loving men.

SECOND COMING: EMILE LACOUR UNLEASHED
by habu

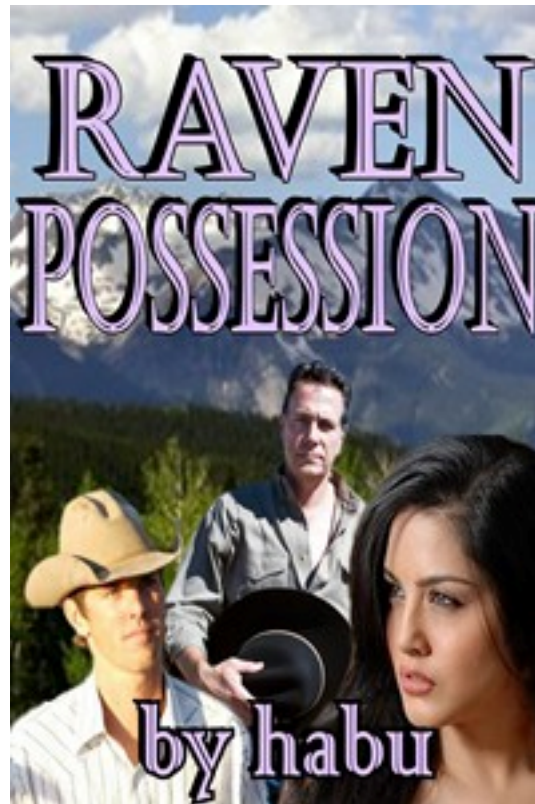
Emile LaCour, scourge of the finest young male flesh of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries in the plantation area of the Louisiana delta region, has been freed from his tomb to sustain himself once more by loving the young men of New Orleans to death. He does so by draining them of their blood and vitality which then rejuvenates LaCour.

Lamont Breaux, who is responsible for freeing LaCour in an effort to uncover the vast fortune LaCour's family hid before LaCour was entombed, oversteps his greed and falls victim to LaCour's wrath. Needing a new financial manager and now wanting a companion as well, LaCour seduces Gage Angle, a blond giant member of a motorcycle gang.

LaCour's experiment to find the balance between making love to Gage and loving him to death goes awry when the curse of LaCour's never-ending life and the extreme requirements to sustain that lifestyle are transferred to Angle. Angle, however, is not the self-possessed moral decadent LaCour is, and his struggle with what LaCour is and what he himself has become leads to a fiery conclusion.

Review for Second Coming by Frost's Fancy, Rainbow Reviews:

Emile LaCour is a tantalizingly subtle novel of the paranormal and a neat interweaving of historical and contemporary settings. Settle back in your favorite armchair and curl up for an enjoyable read of characters, plotting, and vivid imagery… Prepare to be tantalized and scintillated by Emile's upfront eroticism…he is like a force of nature. Caution: kicker ending!

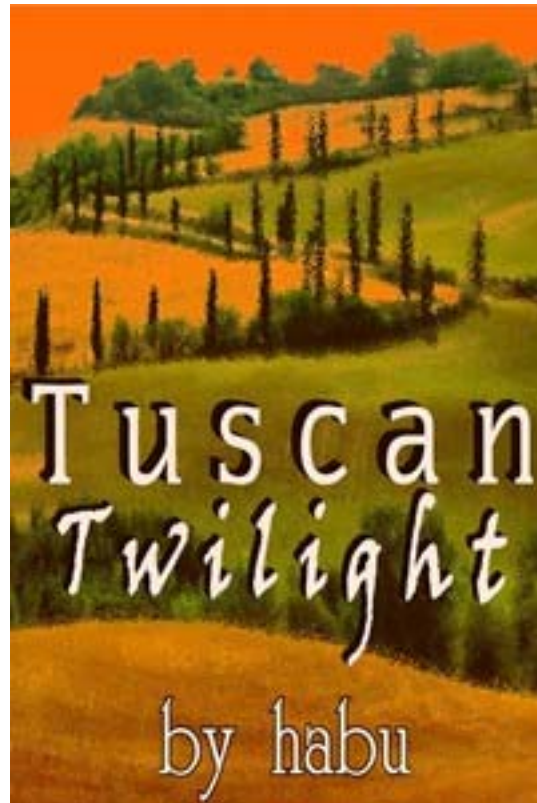
Warnings: This title contains graphic language m/m sex.

RAVEN POSSESSION
by habu

Raven Possession is the saga of six decades of a remarkable woman's life and of a strong man's vendetta of possession and control over that woman's family. Ada Raven, born in poverty and religious fundamentalism, wanted "it all" out of life and strove successfully to get it, but at a high cost, torn between an acclaimed

novelist of enormous ego and determination and the man who patiently waited in the wings for decades to provide her refuge. J. H. Kincaid, a larger-than-life novelist of men's adventure stories and of "bonding" and sweeping appetites wanted not only Ada but her sons to the third generation as well. Ada wanted to experience and escape the world at the same time. And she wanted to be loved by men, powerful men, and her ravenous beauty guaranteed that she was. This saga of the Raven family takes the reader on a journey through the highlights of six decades of American history from the homesteading of the West to the false interlude of peace in the 1960s. It follows Ada from the small town Midwest, the St. Louis World's, Fair, and the Spanish flu epidemic to a celebrity dude ranch in Colorado and ultimately to the halls of government in Washington, D.C., and the exotic Southeast Asia. But everywhere she turns, there is the brooding presence of J. H. Kincaid, manipulating and subjugating her family, until it all ends in smoke and explosion.

Warnings: This title contains graphic language and f/m/m threesome sex.

DARK ANGEL REVIEW FOR RAVEN POSSESSION BY FROST

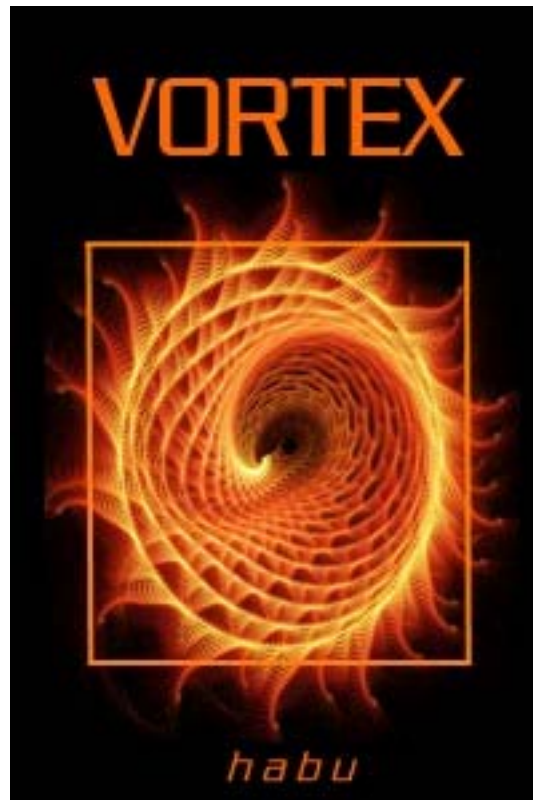
habu demonstrates a particular gift for winning the reader's attention immediately while weaving a complicated plot with numerous main and secondary characters swimming in a sea of erotic stimulation and suspense buildup… Caution, reader: once you open the first page, you're hooked!

[TUSCAN TWILIGHT]
By habu

The aging Conte, Luciano, in an autumn glow of romance, takes the stranger, Dakota, as his long-lost lover, whom Luciano had foresaken to take up his traditional role as the head of the family. Dakota quickly begins to act as a catalyst throughout the moldering Italian noble family, already too overly burdened by a quickly disappearing traditional order of society in the vineyard-clad hills of Tuscany.

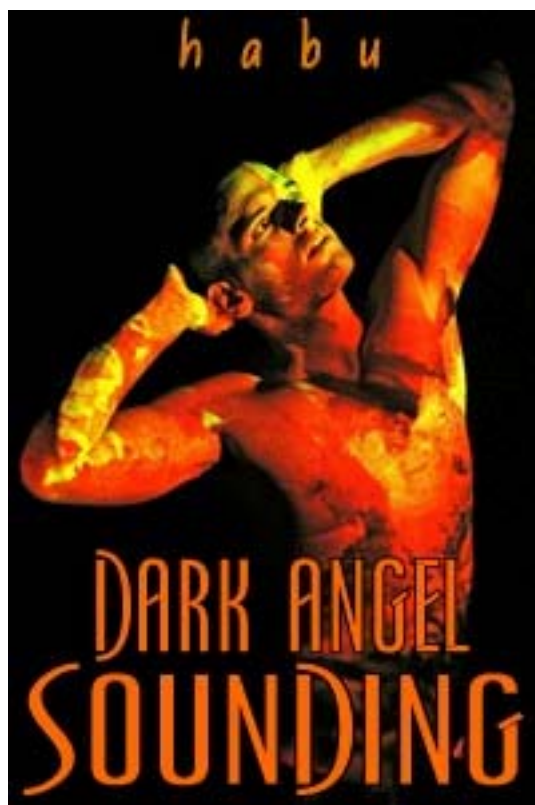
The Conte's grandson, Paulo, training by family tradition for the priesthood, latches onto the American stranger as his deliverance into another lifestyle altogether, while the Conte's granddaughter, Gabriella, thoroughly disgusted with the paternalistic order she is bound to, seeks any avenue of escape. Rosella the maid—and Conte's mistress—a woman society designated to serve the noble family, and the local villager portraitist, Giovanni, besmitten with Gabriella but unable to break the barriers of social status to claim her, are both also caught up in the winds of change unleashed by the appearance of the American stranger.

This is the story of five men and women, all thrown toward disintegration and release by the appearance of one young, blonde American stranger, the fiery spark who sets the sun on an ancient Tuscan order.

RAINBOW REVIEW FOR TUSCAN TWILIGHT BY FROST'S FANCY: 5/5

Author habu once again captivates with his winning lyrical prose style, and immediately catapults the willing reader into entrancement… Even when setting his fiction in an exotic locale ~ in this case Tuscany ~ habu is a wizard of enchantment and entices readers into his cave of magic with a few well-chosen phrases, then introduces us to characters who come to seem as close as our family, friends, and neighbors…Again habu serves up a don't miss, steaming, character-driven story that deserves reading and rereading. Tuscan Twilight is very special.

VORTEX
By habu

Young, naïve and enticing, Kevin is driven by curiosity in alternate lifestyles and finds himself smitten by hunky Doug—and more, is willing to be taken by him. But what Kevin doesn't know is Doug has only seduced Kevin to provide a virgin for the satanic "rejuvenation" ritual of a coven mastered by the rich and hugely endowed Donatien. Still driven by his attraction to Doug, Kevin schemes time and again, in a spiraling vortex down toward despair, to pull Doug from the clutches of the coven and to escape Donatien's obsession with possessing him. Will both Kevin and Doug be sucked into hell on earth, or will they eventually find a way out of the whirlpool together?

Warning: This title contains graphic language, bdsm, nonconsent, m/m sex.

DARK ANGEL SOUNDING
By habu

A young man's personal experience cautionary tale of falling ever deeper under the sway of a practitioner of one the most dangerous and invasive and least discussed and written of male sexual practices—sounding—in his pursuit of being totally and fully dominated and possessed. How fully can he be taken? Will he succumb to the satanic magician or escape the wand of control invading his very being?

Warnings: This title contains graphic language, elements of bdsm, fetish, sex toys as well as m/m, anal and group sex.